

## TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine Discourses on the Secret of Success.

Reverend Dr. Talmage on the True Method and Lead up to His Elevation—The Universal Thought of God—A Beautiful Allegory.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. The subject of the sermon was "The Prime Minister."

Dr. Talmage said: You can not keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him a thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in the end to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a scripture character upon which we speak to-day. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph; how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how by his integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm, until under the false charge of a vile wretch he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in government, the Bismarck of the nation; how in time of famine Joseph had the control of a storehouse which he had filled during the seven years of plenty; how, when his brothers who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity applied for corn, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the heft of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother which had so long been hidden came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honors or confidences were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed—whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary—he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character.

There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy, by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has demeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You can not despise a son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Of course half-and-half religious character wins no approbation. Redwald, the King of the Saxons, after Christian baptism had two altars—one for the worship of God and the other for the sacrifice of devils. You may have a contempt for such men, for mere pretension of religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of his disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration. Though that Christian be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discussing, by an irrevocable law of our nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph.

Chrysostom, when threatened with death by Eudoxia, the Empress, sent word to her, saying: "Go tell her that I fear nothing but sin." Such nobility of character will always be applauded. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not that they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for the thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, though they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death.

I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; John Howard passing from danger on to lazaretto, with healing for the body and the soul; Elizabeth Frye coming to the

profligate of Newgate Prison to shake down their obduracy, as the angels came to the prison at Philippi, driving open doors and snapping locks and chains, as well as the lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts.

A man in the cars said: I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating, and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it. But my friends, if I am an artist in Rome, and a man comes to me and asks what the art of painting is, I must not show him the daub of some mere pretender. I will take him to the Raphael and the Michael Angelos. It is most unfair and dishonest to take the ignominious failures in Christian profession instead of the glorious successes. The bible and the church are great picture galleries filled with masterpieces.

Furthermore, we learn from this story of Joseph that the result of persecution is alleviation. Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have become Prime Minister. Everybody accepts the promise:

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

Nothing in God's universe swings at loose ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of his eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our loss may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeats and victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you a trifle, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Basking Ridge, N. J., went into his pulpit one Sabbath and by a strange freak of memory forgot his subject and forgot his text, and in great embarrassment rose before his audience and announced the circumstance and declared himself entirely unable to preach; then launched forth in a few earnest words of entreaty and warning which resulted in the out-breaking of the mightiest revival of religion ever known in that State, a revival of religion, that resulted in churches still standing and in the conversion of a large number of men who entered the Gospel ministry who have brought their thousands into the kingdom of God. God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He molds us, turns and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to him but as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world itself changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.

Furthermore we learn from this story the propriety of laying up for the future. During seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom that any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During these seven prosperous years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astounded with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business gathering in only a hundred dollars where you reap your thousands. These are the seven years of plenty. Now, Joseph is the time to prepare for famine, for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick; you will be unfortunate; you will be defrauded; you will be disappointed; you will be old, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back you may be famine-struck.

We have no admiration for this denying one's self of all present comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up; this grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get; this always being poor and cramped, because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can't find another dollar to carry home on its back; but there is an intelligent and noble-minded fore-cast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred dependent upon them for the blessings of education and home. God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

## THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Stories of Parrots.

Brehm, the author of a German work called "The History of Animals," affirms that parrots of the more intelligent Indian and African varieties have not only been taught many phrases which they repeat by rote, but that they have come to understand the meaning of what they say, and use words independently in their proper senses. He cites the case of an East Indian parrot who learned a large number of Dutch words in his native country. Brought to Europe, he learned a number of German and French words in succession. He asked for water, for food, for playthings, and for a chance to get out of his cage, which was regularly allowed him. He did not always use the German word for what he wanted, in speaking to Germans, but sometimes substituted the Dutch words, in their proper senses. No doubt a good many of his native screeches and jabberings were put down as "Dutch" by his German masters.

Scaliger tells of a parrot which imitated the calls used in the dances of the Savoyards, and repeated parts of their songs; and Jacques Brunot, a French writer, tells of an African parrot who danced as he had seen the people do, repeating as he did so the words of their song: "A little step! A little jump! Ion! Ion!"

Menault, another Frenchman of science, tells of a famous parrot, for which Cardinal Bossa paid a hundred gold crowns because he recited without a blunder the Apostles' Creed, and chanted the *magnificat* correctly.

The story is recorded in English anecdotal collections, if not in grave histories, that a parrot belonging to Henry VIII. once fell in the Thames, and summoned passers-by to the rescue by calling out "Help! Help!"

The Indian parrot of whom the account is given by Brehm, was deprived of its mistress by death. It refused to eat, and called out repeatedly, "Where is madam? Where is madam?" One of the friends of the family, an elderly major, once patronized the parrot by saying to him, "Jump on your perch, Jacko, there's a good bird; jump on your perch!" Jacko looked at him an instant, contemptuously, and then exclaimed, "Jump on the perch, Major, jump on the perch!"

The French traveller, La Barre, a very serious and careful writer, tells a singular story of an African parrot called Chrysostom by the sailors on board a vessel, which brought La Barre from Senegal to France. Chrysostom had belonged to the chaplain of the ship, who had taught him a prayer or two, and a portion of the liturgy. Oh the voyage the chaplain died, and the bird continued to repeat the prayer that had been taught him. The sailors bestowed upon the parrot the name of "the chaplain" and knelt about his cage in a reverent manner when the bird repeated his prayer. There is another, and an unpleasant side to this picture, however, in the fact that "the chaplain" learned some of the sailors' oaths, and added them to his liturgy. He also learned to call himself by the title of "the chaplain," and made such speeches as this: "Had your breakfast, Mr. Chaplain? Oh, yes, oh, yes, Mr. Chaplain wants a cracker. Yes, yes—for the chaplain. Amen!"

### Keeping Worshippers Awake.

Sleeping in church is in our day regarded as an offence against good breeding and an insult to the minister. In olden times the disapproval of this lack of interest in religious worship was exhibited in a rather more obtrusive and mortifying way than would perhaps be sanctioned now, as the reader may learn from the statements in a London paper.

On the 17th of April, 1725, John Rudge bequeathed to the parish of Trysil, in Shropshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the summer and keep the people awake. A bequest of Richard Doyery, of Farmcote, dated 1659, had in view the payment of eight shillings annually, the church of Claverly, Shropshire, for a similar purpose.

At Acton church, in Cheshire, about thirty years ago, one of the church wardens used to go around in the church during service with a huge wand in his hand, and if any of the congregation were asleep, they were instantly awakened by a tap on the head.

At Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, a similar custom existed. A person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay-fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep, he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck.

### Novel Cure.

The health of the mind can always be promoted by rousing it to methodical action. The *Scientific American* describes an interesting case of fighting insanity by insanity recently noticed among the patients at Blackwell's Island:

Two lunatics who were disposed to commit suicide had been received at the hospital. Each possessed a special delusion, one that he was a cow,

and the other that his head was an iron ball, which must be rolled along the floor. They carried these beliefs into action, one striking his head against the padded wall of his cell, and the other rolling his, and of course his body with it, over the floor.

The two patients were placed together, and each privately told of the other's weakness, and warned to watch his companion, to prevent his committing suicide. They each had charge over the other.

Their vigilance was unceasing. Each supposed himself to be perfectly sane and the belief was accompanied by considerable scorn of the other's weakness of intellect. Gradually both were improved.

To centre their attention on a definite duty, and on objects external to themselves, proved strengthening to their diseased minds, and they soon were discharged from the asylum completely cured.

### A Bargain.

Most women seem to experience a thrill of keenest joy over "a real bargain." Willy merchants, knowing this weakness, use columns in advertising their "bargain days" and "bargain counters."

Two women enter a dry-goods store and make straight for the bargain counter. One picks up a piece of black cashmere, rubs it, shakes it, holds it at arms' length, ravels a thread or two of it, gathers a yard or two of it into folds and holds it to her waist.

"How much is this a yard?" she asks.

"Seventy-five cents; been selling it for a dollar and a quarter," says the clerk, glibly.

Both women seize the cashmere and subject it to all the tests known to womankind.

"It's a bargain," says one of the women finally.

"So it is," says the other.

"I paid a dollar and a quarter for a piece not nearly so good. See how fine and soft it is."

"Yes; I think it's a great bargain for the money."

The woman takes it with a cheek glowing with satisfaction, ignorant of the fact that, at the regular dress-goods counter, there are piles of just such cashmere marked "Seventy-five cents per yard."

### "We Were Killed."

An old soldier knows how to take care of himself, and even in a sham fight he will not expose himself rudely to fatigue, if it is hot day. This is illustrated by an incident which took place shortly after the grand review following the return of the French Army from the Italian campaign. Marshal McMahon had ordered a sham fight, intending to reproduce the field of Magenta for the benefit of the new and untried soldiers.

His very best officers led the various movements in person. The day proved to be exceedingly warm. The clouds which had at first obscured the sun were flung off by a puff which went with them, and the heat poured down oppressively.

In one of the attacking divisions were two grizzled, battle-scarred veterans—a sergeant and a cannonier—who had helped McMahon to win his laurels the Crimea, and who had stood stoutly by him in Italy, brave as the bravest, and true as steel.

These two heroes took it into their heads, when a charge had been ordered, that they would rest, so they withdrew, and threw themselves down in the shadow of a hedge, where the watchful marshal espied them.

"Ha! What is this?" cried the duke, riding to the spot. "What! my braves of Malakoff! do you shirk your duty? See how grandly your division is charging!"

"Pardon, Marshal," said the old sergeant. "We were with Castellane's battery,—we were killed!"

The Marshal smiled, and rode away, and presently sent a vivandiere to care for his dead children.

### The Gopher.

The exigencies of climate form the habits of wild animals and birds. When winter is announced, the birds migrate to a warmer climate. As soon as it becomes very cold the bears go into winter quarters. But the gopher, as a Montana correspondent of *Chambers's Journal* says, "holes up," about the 20th of August, when the weather is warm and pleasant. Hundreds of them are seen on the 15th of August, but on the 20th but few can be seen, and by the 25th not one. The writer mentions a singular fact associated with the hibernation of the gopher:

The gopher appears to freeze perfectly solid in our severe winters. Miners drifting through gravel in winter have several times, to my knowledge, dug them out curled like a ball, but solid and cold as though dead. It is impossible to open them out when in this condition; they are like a block of wood.

But place one near a hot log-fire, and soon he will straighten himself; and first one hind-leg and then the other will kick a little, and Mr. G. sits up and looks around with a bewildered air.

A citizen of Newburgh, N. Y., has traveled up and down the Hudson for twenty-seven years daily, except Sunday. In that time he has accomplished a distance of 490,000 miles.

## HUMOROUS.

"What is a masked ball?" asked a good-looking lady. "A charitable institution for ladies of plain features," was the reply.

We don't want to disparage that fruit called "American statesmen," but a good deal of it is picked before it's ripe.

A "milk trust" company has been organized in Chicago, to include all the milk producers. The distrust company will include the consumers, as formerly.

An Omaha real-estate man was attacked by three foot-pads the other night. He killed one and forced the other two to buy a thirty days' option on town lots.

First Chicago Woman—Excuse me, but would you tell me your name? Second Chicago Woman—Really, I do not know. I have not heard from the Court House to-day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Mamma, what is color blind?" asked little Nell. "Inability to tell one color from another, my dear." "Then I guess the man that made my geography is color-blind, because he's got Greenland down painted yellow."

Husband—Getting ready for the opera? Wife—Yes, dear. H.—Dye know why a woman getting ready for the opera reminds me of an unplucked fowl? W.—Not knowing, can't say. H.—Because she has to be undressed to be dressed.

Probably there isn't an older phrase in the English language than the words: "I love you!" and yet the most flippant young man doesn't even think of saying "Chestnuts!" when some sweet young girl whispers it softly into his coat collar.

"Say, Dick," said George, who has a record as a heart breaker, "I'll be 21 in a couple of months. It's terrible to think of the work I've got to do in that time." "Work! You haven't any work to do." "I haven't. Don't you call breaking seventeen engagements work?"

Some Lincoln gentlemen have disagreed as to the relative merits of their babies, and will submit the matter to arbitration. The umpire of a baseball game will begin to think that he leads a secure and peaceful life when he sees the referee of this baby-show dodging the parents whose babies get left.

"Did you hear my sermon yesterday?" asked a Lincoln clergyman of one of his congregation. "No; I'm sorry to say that I didn't go to church yesterday. What was your sermon about?" "About Joseph going down into Egypt to buy corn." "Well, that may be all right as a text, but if Joseph had read the official crop report he'd have gone to Nebraska for corn."

Omaha Man (at a health resort)—I expect to leave to-morrow for home. Hotel Man—Ah! Got rid of your rheumatism? "No." "Dyspepsia?" "No." "Got rid of your neuralgia, maybe?" "No." "Humph! You did not have anything else when you came, did you?" "Yes, I had." "Did you get rid of it?" "Yes." "Well, that's encouraging. What was it you had?" "Money."

First Omaha Man—Eureka! I've struck it at last. It's a new invention, millions in it.

Second Omaha Man—I don't take much stock in patents. "Yes, but this one is a dead sure thing. It is a hand-organ modeled after the automatic race-tracks you see in hotels." "Won't pay."

"I'll have them everywhere, and will rake in thousands of dollars a day. Everybody who comes along will drop a nickel into it."

"Dropping a nickel into it starts it to playing, I suppose."

"No, that stops it."—*Omaha World.*

A little 6-year-old granddaughter of a well known New England clergyman, in doubting a statement by her uncle that the moon is made of green cheese, was advised by the divine to ascertain for herself. "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your bible and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read the bible. Before she had got half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I have found it grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

Gen. Skobelev, according to the story, was working one evening in his tent near the Danube, or near a pond, when a Turkish bomb dropped at the threshold of his tent. The general had just time to see the sentry outside stoop down and throw the shell into the water. Skobelev approached the soldier and said: "Do you know that you have saved my life?" "I have done my best, general," was the reply. "Very well. Which would you rather have, the St. George's cross or 100 rubles?" The sentinel hesitated a moment, and then said: "What is the value of the St. George's cross, my general?" "What do you mean? The cross itself is of no value; it may be worth 5 rubles, perhaps, but it is an honor to possess it." "Well my general," said the soldier, "if it is like that, give me 95 rubles and the cross of St. George!"—*Chambers's Journal.*